NUMB. CXLIV.

The GUARDIAN.

Sua cuique quum ſit animi cogitatio,
Colorque privus ——— Phædr.

Wedneſday, Auguſt 26. 1713.

IT is a very juſt, and a common Obſervation upon the Natives of this iſland, that in the different Degrees, and in their ſeveral Profeſſions and Employments, they abound as much, and perhaps more, in good Senſe, than any People; and yet, at the ſame time, there is ſcarce an *Engliſhman* of any Life and Spirit, that has not ſome odd Caſt of Thought, ſome Original Humour, that diſtinguiſhes him from his Neighbours. Hence it is, that our Comedies are enriched with ſuch a Diverſity of Characters, as is not to be ſeen upon any other Theatre in *Europe*. Even in the Maſquerades that have been lately given to the Town (though they are Diverſions we are not accuſtomed to) the Singularities of Dreſs were carried much farther than is uſual in Foreign Countries, where the Natives are trained up, as it were, from their Infancy to thoſe Amuſements. The very ſame Meaſure of Underſtanding, the very ſame Accompliſhments, the very ſame Defects, in ſhort all our Talents, appear under a quite different Aſpect in one Man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to Foreigners to enter into a thorough Knowledge of the *Engliſh*, as it would be to learn the *Chineſe* Language, in which there is a different Character for every individual Word. I know not how to explain this Vein of Humour ſo obvious in my Countrymen better, than by comparing it to what the *French* call *Le goût de terroir*, by which they expreſs the different Flavours that the ſame Grape will receive from the different Soils in which it is planted. This Native Mark diſcernible amongſt us, in every Part and Degree of Men, from the Perſons of the firſt Quality and Eſtate of Senſe, down to the loweſt and moſt illiterate of the People. Every Mechanick has a Shrewdneſs of Head, and a Turn of Wit and Humour, a Common Whim, as a Characteriſtick, that diſtinguiſhes him from others of his Trade, as well as Profeſſion. Multitudes, that are upon a Level in their Fortunes, have a Small-Coal Man, who has but two plain Notes in his Muſick, which nevertheleſs has made him the Maſter of the Muſick-Meeting at the Gammut, and has frequent Conſultations of Clerks at his own Houſe for the Entertainment of himſelf and his Friends. There is a Perſon of Hoſpitality, who lives in a Plaiſtered Cottage upon the Road to *Hampſtead*, and gets a plentiful Eſtate of Wealth, by accommodating Horſemen and Paſſengers with Ale, Brandy, Pipes, Tobacco, Cheeſe, Gingerbread, Apples, Pears, and other Refreſhments of Life; and on Worky-days ſmokes the Afternoon in his Chaiſe, and recreates himſelf with the elegant Pleaſures of the *Bear-monde*. The ſhining Men amongſt our Wits, dignified by the Title of *Fine-leaders*, have an inexhauſtible Fund of Artleſs and

(Price Two Pence.)